

## SMASHED

look, I say, look at that house!  
wouldn't that be a wonderful place to get  
smashed in?

you always think that, she says, you think  
everyone is sitting around getting  
smashed.

and look at that place, I say, it has windows  
like a church. I bet they are sitting in there  
smashed right now!

it isn't like that, she says.

I want to buy a place, I say, that I can get  
smashed in. just a little place with the front porch  
falling in ... 2 hungry German shepherds ... paint  
peeling from the boards.

get it then, she says, get it.

it's somewhere, I say, I know it's somewhere.

we drive on into my court after stopping at the  
liquor store. we have 4 bottles of white German  
wine. we will get smashed.

there's nothing like getting smashed  
especially under the right circumstances.  
I mean, while you're not feeling too  
bad.

they are always calling the police on  
me around here.

I want to get smashed in a place like William Randy  
Hearst's old castle.

I want to go from great room to great room  
crashing full bottles against walls,  
free within my own doom.

here among the poor there is no understanding  
of the need for my sounds and my ways.  
they must sleep their nights  
to have strength for their factory days  
so they are very quick to phone the law  
even though it would seem to me  
that they need to get smashed more than  
anybody.

and when we get in she says:  
well, are we going to have a quiet night?

and I say, I don't know.  
I'm going to get smashed.